A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA

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osceola

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Low country artists, page 10

They just want publicity

Miami Beach in July proved no fun for the South Carolina delegation. See page six.

Tidelands: A matter of priorities

by Bill Rhodes

They said it couldn't be done, but at last the South Carolina General Assembly has called it quits for this year.

Besides the budget for fiscal '73 and the gasoline tax increase, one of the bills expected to be debated was the so-called "Tidelands Bill," Senate bill 977. This bill passed the Senate, but never got out of the House's Agriculture and Conservation Committee.

Whether this was good or bad depends on whether you like slimy, old nasty marsh or shining, concrete and steel condominiums and sleek Chris Craft's in new marinas. The choice also depends on whether you like shrimp, oysters or nearly any other kind of commercially profitable seafood.

The bill is dead for now, gone with the adjournment of the General Assembly; but it is certain to be brought up again next year. This passage of this bill could have negative effects upon commercial and sports fishing industries in South Carolina.

The bill was sponsored by powerful Senator Rembert Dennis of Berkley, along with Senators James Waddell of Beaufort, Claymon Grimes of Georgetown, and James Harrelson of Colleton. The bill's purpose as stated was "to provide for the control of lands owned by the state, including tidelands and submerged lands; to create the Interagency Council on Tidelands and prescribe its powers and duties; to provide for claims of ownership of tidelands formerly used for the cultivation of rice; to create the Tidelands Claims Commission and to establish its powers and duties..."

The original bill was amended four times. With the addition of the clause concerning "claims of ownership" on former rice fields, environmentalists in the state now consider the bill far more objectionable than in its earlier form. Through the passing of the rice fields from state ownership to private ownership goes the fate of South Carolina's rich marshlands.

Eighty per cent of all sea life spends at least part of its life in salt marshes. South Carolina has over half-a-million acres of marshlands in a relatively untouched condition, more than any other Eastern seaboard state.

Historially, marshlands have been treated as wastelands. Yet unmanaged, unfertilized marshes are capable of producing nearly ten tons of organic matter per acre per year. This compares with the average yield of one and a half tons per acre per year (including stems and leaves) from the heavily managed and super-fertilized wheat fields in Kansas.

Moreover, the late Dr. Lung of Bear's Bluff Laboratory, just South of Charleston, conducted experiments showing that marsh ponds can produce 250 to 400 pounds of fish per acre per year, one hundred pounds of crabs, and from 300 to 400 pounds of shrimp. This "crop" was harvested without any effort at cultivation except predator control for the shrimp. Much better yields could be expected with more intense agriculture. Heavily cultured marsh pounds in the Far East have produced up to 2000 pounds of fish and 1000 pounds of shrimp on each acre.

With the world being what it is, it's only a matter of time before man must reach toward the sea as his main source of food. Therefore it is imperative that we act now while some marshes still remain to preserve these most productive of ecosystems.

This is exactly what the Tidelands Bill does not do. "Tidelands" are defined as all lands between the mean high-water mark and the mean low-water mark as determined by the National Ocean Survey (formerly the Coast and Geodetic Survey) of the Department of Commerce.

South Carolina has already established its claim to the tidelands by the 1928 Cape Romaine decision of the Supreme Court and subsequent legislation. South Carolina cla ims all lands below the mean high-water mark, which includes former rice fields. established by the fact that S.C. state government built most of the kikes surrounding the old rice fields beack when the rice was an all-important product in the state's economy.

The Tidelands Bill would turn over any rice fields claimed by individuals if they can prove a "...valid claim of title to the property for not less than 75 years..." and that all property taxes have been paid for the past ten years.

If turned over to individuals or private developers, South Carolina can expect to see its coastline radically altered from the quiet natural protective barrier of the marshes to a jagged, bulkheaded coastline like that of Florida where no life grows along the developed coast. One could expect marinas and condominiums, and possibly even oil rigs and scouring phosphate mines. No matter what the developments are, they would likely spell destruction for the tidelands.

Although the bill is particularly objectionable for the above reasons, most of the environmental concern groups object to the bill for other reasons. The Environmental Coalition, for instance, objects to the bill on the grounds that its only admirable point--zoning restrictions around the tidelands -- is not strong enough to properly protect the tidelands. Another point of friction it that the Wildlife Resources Commission would be made responsible for the protection of the tidelands, an agency regarded by the Environmentalists as unreliable and inept, as well as unresponsive to public opinion.

An article published in the Charlotte Observer in mid-June states that at least three of the bill's sponsors stood to benefit financially from the bill's passage. The senators denied all charges.

Still, reports persist of many thousands of dollars being spent toward the passage of the bill. Hugh Lane, president of Citizens and Southern Bank of South Carolina and avid supporter of the Tidelands bill, had a paid lobbyist working for the bill in the legislature. Much more money was spent when the Senate and House Judiciary Committees (and their wives) were put up at the Mills-Hyatt House in Charleston one weekend wtih carte-blanche privileges, and provided with a chartered Delta Air Lines DC-9 to fly over and inspect the lands in question.

The bill was passed by the Senate despite much public opposition at the public hearing. What South Carolina wants and needs is a bill that provides for the zoning of the tidelands and removes them from the spector of death through unwise development for special interests.

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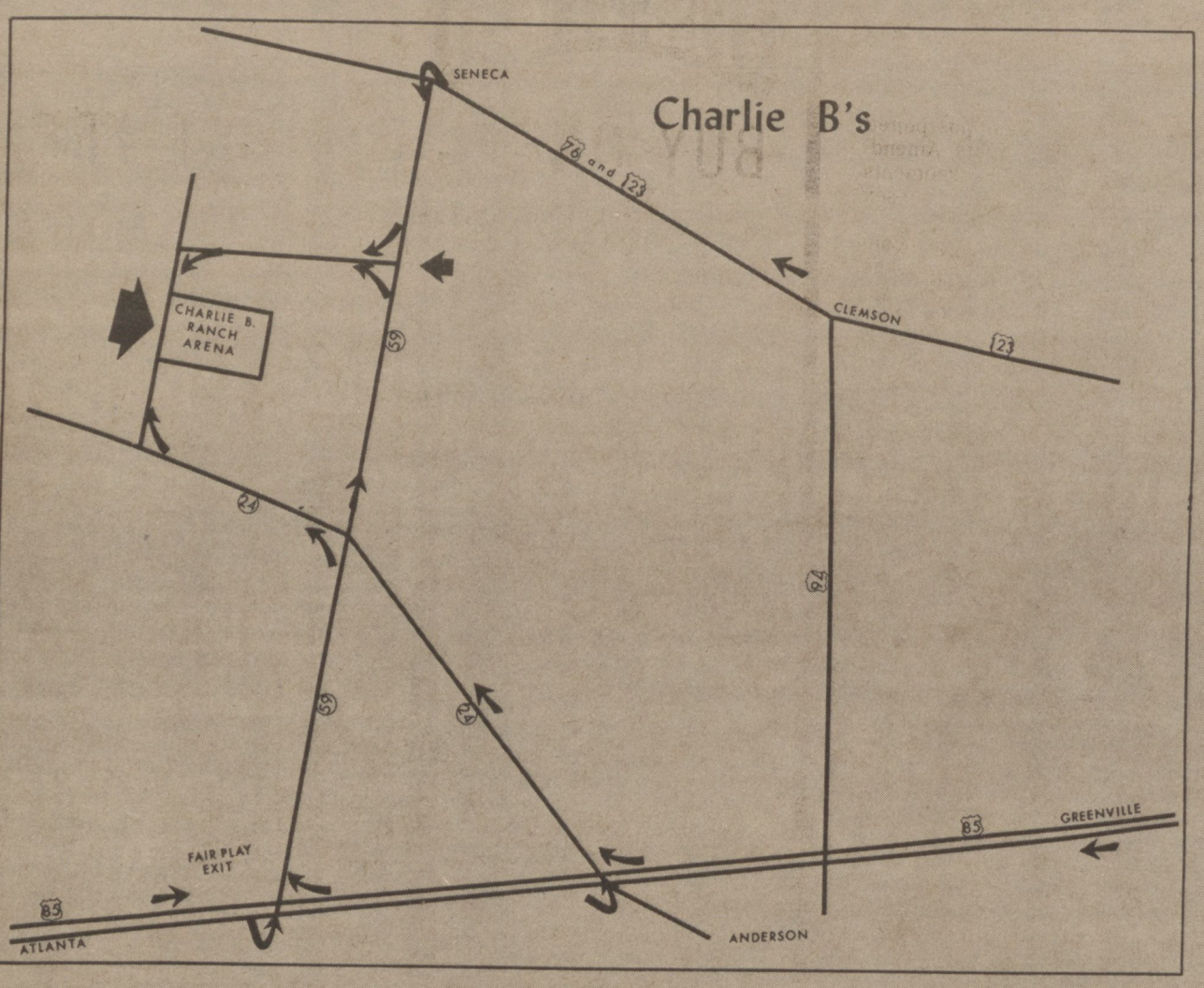

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Rebels yell

This year's biggest non-issue on the state level may turn out to be the recent Confederate flag controversy, begun several weeks ago when a number of state and local organizations went before the Richland County legislative delegation to ask for legislation removing the flag which flies above the State House.

The Columbia YWCA, the South Carolina NAACP chapter, and the S.C. Council on Human Relations told the delegation the flag represented "the subjugation of minority groups, idealization of slavery, and the unwillingness to be governed by the Constitution of the United States of America."

The reaction of Confederate-minded citizens was quick in coming. Shortly after the appearance before the delegation, Columbia YWCA officials were called on the carpet by the executive committee of the United Fund for involving themselves "in controversies or political issues which are not in the agency's area of responsibility." Inside sources report that the executive board has instructed all United Fund member agencies to clear any potentially controversial actions with the committee before taking public action.

A week after the first hearing, pro-flag forces, including the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Colonial Dames, the DAR, the Daughters of the American Colonies, the Daughters of 1812, representatives from the Lexington County YWCA and others, appeared before the delegation.

The 150 or so persons gathered to defend the flag presented the usual arguments of historical significance, personal sacrifice, and Southern heritage. A USC student said the state would lose "the cold, hard cash" or tourists if the flag was removed. Several adament segragationists were apparent in the audience. One man draped in a Confederate flag spoke half-hysterically about the "liberal pervert clergy" supporting the flag removal and declared the South would again secede from the Union if "we didn't need the Yankee perverts to help us defeat the Communists."

Another flag defender, answering the charge that the flag represented approval of slavery, declared that "the nigger would be in Africa with rings in his ears and nose if it wasn't for slavery."

Following these comments, a Columbia resident said, "If it could be proved once and for all that the Confederate flag and Dixie are symbols of slavery and oppression, I don't think anyone in this room would be for them. But nobody proved that."

Migrants

A recent Associated Press series dealing with the plight of migrant workers in South Carolina revealed that the state has no laws applying specifically to the seasonal farm laborers, despite the well-publicized abuses of workers in Spartanburg and Beaufort Counties.

Sen. James Stephens, D-Spartanburg, chairs a special legislative committee which is attempting to bring some relief to the migrant labor force by the passage of two laws, one which would require all migrant labor drew chiefs to register with the state Labor Department and another which would create a farm workers commission made up of various state agency representatives.

The legislation, while it may be a "step in the right direction", failed to get out of the General Assembly during the recently adjourned session. And even should these laws pass, they will do little more than provide some statistical information concernin, he actual size and composition of the state's migrant labor force. State official currently admit they have "no idea."

St nger laws are needed to protect workers from abuses by growers as well as labor contractors. ut senator Stephens recently admitted that feder law prohibiting representative of the Employment Security Commission from recruiting workers for farming jobs where housing is inadequate "is just not being obeyed."

If past history is any indication of future events, the farm workers will undoubtedly have to organize themselves and bring economic pressures to bear before any real changes result.

Short takes

Governor John West is threatening budget decreases for those state agencies which take advantage of recent legislation reducing the minimum work week to 37 and a half hours.

"I think we ought to have a 40-hour work week," West said.

Despite efforts by a coalition of eight Democrats and Republicans in the S.C. House of Representatives, state taxpayers will again furnish the studies of retiring lawmakers with $520.00 desk and chair sets previously doing service in the house chambers.

Retiring house members have traditionally been given the desks and chairs they used while serving in the legislature. In the past ten years alone, the practice has cost the state over $50,000. (A law passed in 1971 limits presentation of free desks to those members who have served at least six years.)

Many of the "retiring" house members are actually seeking election to the State Senate or resigning to accept more lucrative appointments in various state agencies. Of the eleven members recently presented desks over the objections of the bi-partisan coalition, ten will be taking civil service jobs of one sort or another.

Some of the retiring house members, along with their new positions and annual salaries, include: Rep. Purvis W. Collins, D-Fairfield (State Retirement System director - $30 000 annual salary); Rep. Marshall Comer, D-Union (S.C. Employment Security Commission - $15,000 annual salary Frank E. Baldwin, Jr., D-Jasper (S.C. Employment Security Commission - $15,000 annual salry), and Rep. Edward B. Cottingham, D-Marlboro (State Highway Commission $300 annual salary).

Hmmm.

The State Senate has postponed ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment, in part because of heated arguments by some senators who fear uni-sex bathrooms and the female draft.

The 26th amendment to the U.S. Constitution was well on its way to passage when a group of Charleston ladies, apparently opposed to equal rights for their sex, forced a reconsideration.

Senator Marion Gressette assured his judiciary committee members there was no hurry --- the states have seven years to ratify the amendment. It is unknown if Sen. Gressette also pointed out that if three-forths of the other states ratify the amendment, it will become a part of the Constitution, and Senate members will be able to appease both supporters and opponents of the measure.

State Republican Party chairman Ken Powell has invented a new shell game--using only two shells.

Urging disgruntled Democrats to bolt the party in the face of a "crisis of credibility" (the McGovern nomination), Powell described the state Democratic party situation in this manner: "Under one shell are Democrats not up for re-election endorsing McGovern. Under the other shell, you will find those Democrats who are up for re-election repudiating McGovern...

"The purpose, of course," Powell concluded, "is to retain political control of South Carolina."

Under a third shell, you'll find all the Republicans embracing Nixon. Same old politics: Now you see them, now you don't.

Serving somewhat as a self-appointed harbinger of doom, state Elections Commission director James B. Ellisor announced recently that the elimination of South Carolina's full-slate law has thrown in doubt the outcome of the Democratic primary by making it "virtually impossible to determine what constitutes a legal majority."

When asked how other states (most of which do not have full-slate laws) got around the problem, Ellisor said he did not know.

A week after Ellisor's outcry, the S.C. General Assembly cleared up the problem with a pair of quick voice votes, adopting a rule used successfully for some time in North Carolina.

For those who have been unable to keep up with which office Lower Richland coach Mooney Player may or may not be running for, Player announced July 19 that he will not be entering the political arena at all this year, though he "would dearly love to."

Supporters of Deadline '72, an independent political group started by Player to restructure the Richland County District One school board, were apparently influential in Player's decision not to run for Richland County Council. When he announced his decision, Player indicated that Deadline members did not respond favorably enough to his queries for support in the Democratic primary.

"...Feedback showed me that a partisan political effort...would hinder our group from getting the maximum bi-partisan vote we'll be needing (in the school board race) to win," Player said.

The high school football coach added, "I've gotten the political process in my blood the past few months--and I want to keep all doors open for the future."

The Columbia Chamber of Commerce recently presented its Special Person of the Year award to Mrs. Jesse Blackwell, Bennettsville mayor, former teacher, and mother of four.

Mrs. Blackwell may be remembered for her outspoken views on integration, as evidenced by this comment from a newspaper interview several months ago:

"Our school situation is just terrible, and it will remain that way until we return to a dual school system like we used to have."

Mrs. Blackwell is also noted for her concise evaluation of the country's economic plight: "Welfare and food stamps have ruined us. Our people just don't want to work anymore."

Med school

Remember the second medical school? If so, you'll remember the governor's changing attitude toward its necessity last fall--first suggesting the state wait, then suddenly discovering an urgent need for the second facility, and then finally declaring a cooling-off period to allow a legislative study committee to look into the problem.

The folks who needed cooling off included Charlestonians, who wanted to see the first medical school upgraded; and Greenvillians, who wondered why the "urgent need" couldn't be fulfilled somewhere in their part of the state.

And things have been pretty cool lately--with a few exceptions. The legislative study committee assigned to look into the need for the second school has been junketing all over the United States recently, seeing second schools in other states and evaluating medical consortium programs as well.

Meanwhile, the governor, in his capacity as chairman of the Budget and Control Board, led the board in approving without debate the construction of a $90,000 building in Columbia to house animals used in biological experiments.

"The principal to consider is that this moves the University further toward a medical curricula," State Auditor Pat Smith said. "The use of animals is new at USC, but they have been used for years in Charleston."

Perhaps the University should put a few cadavers on ice, just in case. They've been used for years in Charleston.

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MEAT ON PARADE

by Marilyn Walser

GREENVILLE -- On the Monday, July 10 edition of WFBC's "Six O'Clock' News", reporter Dave Partridge wound up a boring account of the South Carolina delegation's activities at the Democratic National Convention, and the program switched to news of a more appealing nature than faceless politics. Suddenly the T. V. screen came alive with the striking features of 54 bathing beauties - visions of loveliness who had come to Greenville to compete for the coveted crown of Miss South Carolina.

It was picture day for the contestants, but the photographers certainly didn't have to coax these girls. As they stood beside a lake at Furman University wearing bright swimsuits and high heels, they all seemed to have identical flashing smiles - grins which exposed every ivory tooth in their mouths and which were so wide that they surely caused severe lipache.

But these girls were just so happy. After all, they had begun one of the most exciting weeks of their lives; for seven days they would be the envy of South Carolina women and the focus of attention for South Carolina men. (Isn't that the dream of every full-blooded American girl?)

Greenville, the proud home of the pageant for the past fifteen years "rolled out the red carpet" to welcome the lovelies into the city. The girls arrived at Furman University (where they would lodge and be under careful supervision that befits young ladies of a queenly caliber) on Sunday afternoon. They were given a booklet which contained the basic rules of the Miss South Carolina pageant, and from that time on, they were expected to behave within moral guidelines such as these which were set up by the Jaycees: "A contestant will not speak to any man or be in the company of any man, including members of her own family, unless a Hostess or other pageant personnel is present;" "contestants are not permitted at any time to enter any place where alcoholic beverages are served while competing for the Miss South Carolina title." The girls had to be careful; it certainly wouldn't be right for a possible Miss South Carolina, a personification of the ideal woman, to be seen involved in a passionate love scene or gulping down a quick beer in some local dive. Ladies simply don't do those kind of things.

However, it took almost no time for these girls to adapt to the required standards of behavior. By Wednesday night they were ready to present themselves to the people of their beloved state.

It's one of those wonderful things which happens only once a year - a momentous occasion like Christmas and New Year's Eve that you anticipate with breathless excitement from one year to the next.

Scores of adoring fans from all over the state had come to Greenville's Memorial Auditorium by Wednesday night to gaze at the beautiful specimens of young womanhood, to cheer for their favorites, and express their approval of the chosen winners.

It was a dress-up occasion. Women wore cool summer dresses, and had meticulous make-up jobs and teased, rigid hair that required hours of work before a mirror. Men paraded about in expensive, polyester suits which were accented by bold shirts and ties. Fashion was indeed at its ultimate height.

The competition got under way immediately after Bill Brown and his band finished their rollicking version of the Miss America theme song. Bill Wheless, Master of Ceremonies, won loud applause as he burst into a cute little number titled "Another Opening of Another Show," but the crowd's attention soon shifted from Bill as the contestants made their initial appearance. They were buxom girls who filled out their sophisticated gowns in all the right places, and the crowd loved them for it. All that they had to do was to walk before the eager audience, smile their permanently fixed grins, and they were received like Greek goddesses by the adoring throngs. Their fates among the crowd were determined early. Either the crowd liked their looks and cheered wildly or didn't like their looks and did very little besides refrain from booing.

Then it was time for the first order of business, the swimsuit competition. Eighteen girls walked the ramp in the official swimsuits which gave the audience a respectable but adequate view of the vital parts of the female anatomy. As each girl presented herself, Bill Wheless told the crowd something about the contestant -- her hobbies, interests, and "vital statistics." These were old-fashioned girls with simple interests like walking, talking, reading, singing in the church choir, cheerleading and pom-pom dancing. Of course, many of them listed "being in beauty pageants" as their favorite activity of all.

After the girls had done a series of quarter turns before the judges and had their bodies judged from every angle, they left the stage and the important talent competition began. Talent counted 50 percent in the pageant so it had to be good. Unfortunately this is where most of the girls met their downfall; their talent wouldn't have gotten them on Ted Mack's Amateur Hour. Yet they must be commended for trying. Undoubtedly, it took a lot of nerve to get up on stage and pretend to be talented when it was so obvious that you were not.

The talent winner that night was Margaret Elizabeth Wilson, Miss Greenville, and Bonnie Corder (remember that name; it's important) Miss Columbia, walked away with preliminary swimsuit honors.

And so the days went by. Two more nights of preliminary competition left Miss Camden, Miss Cayce-West Columbia and Miss Lancaster in the winner's circle. Bonnie Corder became a double winner as she captured the second night talent award. Yes, things were really shaping up for that Columbia girl.

Local newspapers were having a heyday covering the pageant activities. Besides the daily wrap-up of the preliminary competition, there were in-depth interviews with the girls which exposed their views on contemporary issues.

A provocative interview with Betsy Goldstine, Miss Greenwood, gave reader's insight into the political and social views of the city queen. This was a patriotic girl whose talent was a 'dramatization on' "emotions and expressions of patriotism." "You live in America and you should be proud of it," the Greenwood beauty ad libbed in the interview. Also, Miss Goldstine expressed her support for half of the women's lib movement. "I think women should have the same equality in a job as men," but "I like a man to open a door for me."

However, most of the girls either didn't have or failed to express any deep felt convictions. Such was certainly not the case with Debbie Relyea, Miss Myrtle Beach. This beauty queen caused a state-wide stir because of her refusal to remove a P. O. W. bracelet, even though the wearing of jewelry is a violation of pageant rules. Nasty reports circulated that pageant judges had threatened to penalize Miss Relyea, and the people rose in indignation.

State lawmakers John W. Jenrette and Charles Hodgens hastily drew up a resolution which was passed by the General Assembly that expressed concern over the threatened actions against Miss Myrtle Beach.

The Jaycees kept the situation well under control. They assured outraged South Carolinians that they would not prevent anyone from wearing "Jewelry of religious, personal or patriotic significance." Debbie Relyea, the girl who had dared to speak out against the Jaycees, was not penalized. Nevertheless, the outspoken young lady didn't win the pageant, rank in the ten finalists, or even become Miss Congeniality. (In other words, she blew it.)

The minor crisis had been resolved by Saturday, just in time to prevent any widespread demonstrations outside Memorial Auditorium on the long-awaited night of the finals.

Saturday night was the exciting climax of a tumultuous week. Bonnie Corder, the 20 year-old Miss Columbia received a standing ovation as she was crowned Miss South Carolina and made the traditional walk down the ramp. "It's just the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Miss Corder laughed.

For 53 other girls, it was all over. Yet even though their childhood dreams of becoming Miss America were gone forever, they were not bitter. Perhaps they found consolation in the words of Vance Cline, Executive director of the pageant, who had told them in the beginning, "Regardless of the outcome of the Pageant, it's important to remember that you're already winner by having the honor of representing your city in this great state event." Besides, when Bonnie Corder leaves for Atlantic City in September she has sworn to take each of the happy losers with her "in my heart and in my prayers."

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Striking in Rock Hill: it ain't easy

ROCK HILL -- The final results of a wildcat strike begun in late May by 100 female employes of Rock Hill's Celanese Fiber Company plant will undoubtedly serve to point out the extreme difficulties encountered by union activists in South Carolina, even in so-called "unionized" plants --- difficulties intensified by management ties with both the local courts and the local media.

On May 23, approximately 100 female doffers at the Celriver plant, all members of Local 11093 of the Textile Worker's Union of America (TWUA), walked off their jobs in protest of production speed-ups, increased work loads, and unsafe working conditions, despite a "no-strike" clause in their union contract.

The women claimed the company had increased work loads by 20 per cent, while reducing rest periods for each shift. In addition to their doffing duties, which required the lifting of over six tons of bobbins and yarns each working day, a new company policy required the doffers to assume the workload of 60 twisters who were being terminated in a company productivity drive. The women also claimed that the introduction of a new fiber at the plant several months ago produced fumes which combined with other fumes in the doffing section to create a caustic, acidic smell. The strikers claimed the fumes nauseated some workers to the point that they were forced to leave the plant, despite Celanese claims that exhaust and ventilation systems were adequate.

The strikers insisted money was not an issue in the strike, although the top wage in the plant, regardless of length of employment, is $3.11 per hour. "We'd rather have the additional workload taken off than a raise in pay," one striker said.

After the walkout, which forced Celanese to lay off 270 other workers temporarily, the women set up a picket line at the plant gates, which was honored by only a small portion of the plant's 1800 union workers. The plant, which currently employs over 2,000 people, was unionized in 1952, but according to many outside observers, the union has never gained real strength in bargaining, as evidenced in part by the "no-strike" clause in the contract.

Soon after the picket line was established, the plant's union president appeared at the gates asking the women to call off the "illegal" strike, promising to try and secure relief for them when the next union contract was negotiated. The strikers refused his offer.

Although the management of Celanese maintained throughout the incident that the strike was having no effect on production, they quickly charged that the wildcatters were harassing workers who chose to cross the picket lines and attempted to have the strikers arrested by the local sheriff and the highway patrol. Sheriff William Sutton declined, stating the women were within their legal rights to assemble.

The strikers, in turn, claimed management was harassing them by allowing overzealous Celanese foremen to drive down Highway 21 near the picket line at night with their carlights off, blowing their horns and threatening to swerve off the road at the strikers.

The issue of race emerged repeatedly during the course of the strike. Twenty per cent of the striking doffers were black women, whom the strikers claimed the company was trying to separate from the white doffers. "The company called the black women who was out with us," one white striker said, "and told them they was being misled and to come back to work. They often tried to trick the black doffers into coming to a seperate meeting to divide us, but it didn't work."

The strikers also claimed that the company attempted to stir up racism by replacing them with 20 non-union black males. The women added that many of the blacks have already quit, claiming the work was "women's work," too menial for them to perform.

A few days after the strike began, Celanese lawyers obtained a restraining order from the circuit court prohibiting the wildcat strikers from "picketing the premises" of the plant. The order was obtained by Celanese attorney Robert Ward, of the Rock Hill firm of Ward and Grier, from Circuit Judge Robert Hayes. Ward served as Hayes' campaign manager during several of Hayes' four terms as a state senator from York County prior to his appointment as a circuit judge.

The strikers complied with the restraining order and moved their picket line across a four-lane highway to a mobile home lot. The move did not satisfy Hayes, who claimed the women were acting in direct violation of his order. The circuit judge issued contempt citations against twenty of the women strikers, declaring he had meant for them to stop all picketing.

The women appeared at the contempt hearing on May 31, claiming that picketing across a four-lane highway was not "picketing the premises." Hayes dismissed their arguments, asking of several, "Can't you read?" Observers in the courtroom said Hayes released a torrent of highly-emotional remarks: "I'm not going to have any picketing! Not at the plant! Not downtown! Not at your own home! If any of you picket, you're going to jail!"

Hayes' actions effectively broke the back of a strike described by one worker as the plant's "most forceful union action in years." Unable to carry out the symbolic action of picketing, the women found themselves isolated. The local media defended the actions of the court and the plant management, maintaining throughout the controversy that the strike was "illegal." Strike issues were ignored --- except when they were disputed by the Celanese management.

Arbitration is now underway between union lawyers and the plant management. After the strike failed, the plant's management singled out 40 of the strike's ringleaders, suspending 20 of them for a 90-day period and permanently firing 20 more. The strikers attempted to retain long-time labor lawyer John Bolt Culbertson of Greenville to represent them in the arbitration, but the Celanese management was able to veto his selection in favor of TWUA attorneys.

As of this writing, the arbitration has not been completed, but the best offer the company has reportedly made thus far is to accept 15 of the suspended employes back immediately and permanently discharge the other 25 strike organizers.

(The Palmetto Action Committee has established a strike fund to buy food and clothing for the striking women who serve as the only support of their families. Contributions should be sent to P. O. Box 11694, Columbia, S. C. 29211.)

Lettuce: strictly a racket

"It used to be grapes. Now it's lettuce, and before long it'll be apples and other things As far as I'm concerned, it's strictly a racket."

So said Columbia produce distributor Russell Morris, operator of the L. R. Morris Produce Exchange, when asked by a reporter for his opinion on the United Farm Workers nationwide lettuce boycott.

The attitude is typical of many South Carolinians, in and out of the vegetable business, who know very little about the lettuce boycott efforts and perhaps care even less. And because of the statewide indifference toward the boycott, the probability of increased non-union lettuce shipments to South Carolina grows greater as the boycott becomes more effective in other parts of the country.

The boycott is being carried out by The United Farm Workers (AFL-CIO), who first organized and gained national prominence during the sixties with their now-famous grape strike, a tedious five-year process which resulted in the unionization of Southern California vineyards and the establishment of a liveable wage and improved working conditions for migrant grape pickers.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (USWOC) then turned its attention on the lettuce growers of California and Arizonia, where 90 per cent of the nation's iceburg lettuce is produced. The situation was complicated by "sweetheart" contracts between the growers and the Teamsters Union, preventing for a time field organizational efforts on the part of UFWOC. The UFWOC insisted that the Teamsters did not represent farm workers but were simply allowing themselves to be used by the lettuce growers to prevent any real organization of workers by USWOC.

While UFWOC was negotiating a jurisdictional agreement with the Teamsters (which was finally signed in March, 1971), the Farm Workers Union called its first lettuce strike in August, 1970 when 7000 lettuce workers walked off their jobs. Although several large companies immediately gave up their contracts with the Teamsters and negotiated contracts with UFWOC, most growers chose to hold out and take the matter to court, where in September a local judge ordered the strike activities stopped.

Realizing lengthy court battles would only serve to prolong the plight of lettuce farm workers, UFWOC decided once again to take the issue to urban dwellers in the form of a nation-wide boycott on California and Arizona iceburg lettuce. The boycott had an immediate impact on the lettuce growers; so immediate in fact that in March, 1971, the growers agreed to begin negotiations with UFWOC in return for a UFWOC 30-day moratorium on the boycott. During succeeding months, the moratorium was extended again and again as the union attempted to reach some sort of agreement with the growers.

The negotiators met on a weekly basis from May 7 to November 10, 1971. USWOC was anxious to settle the dispute and during the course of the negotiations agreed to give up several key clauses in the proposed contract in order to expedite the relief of the farm workers involved in lettuce production. On the question of hiring halls for workers however, UFWOC wouldn't budge. The union demanded that hiring halls be substituted for the present practice of using labor contractors -- a practice which once prompted a Florida grower to comment, "We used to own our slaves -- now we just rent them."

The non-union growers refused to budge on this key issue. On March 7, 1972, after a one-year moratorium, the lettuce boycott was resumed. Since that time, the National Labor Relations Board, which in the past has declared over and over that it had no jurisdiction over the United Farm Workers, has changed its position and declared that

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Weddings

Portraits

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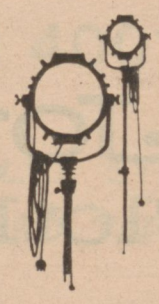

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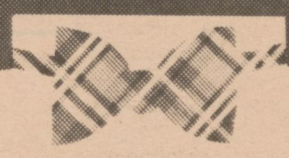
a screwball comedy. remember them?



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Palmettos in Miami

by Jim Walser

If the 1972 Democratic National Convention was truly "the most open political convention in history" as Walter Cronkite and nearly everyone else say it was, then by comparison the Kremlin can almost be just as proud of the little one man-everybody votes shams it produces and directs every now and then.

Like many of the delegates and nearly all of the 10,000 or so media people, I went to Miami Beach fully prepared to cover the story of the "open convention", whatever the consequences. For months columnist and commentators predicted chaos from start to finish. The Party would surely split down anti-McGovern, pro-McGovern lines and the resulting floor holocosts, brought to you from gavel to gavel on two networks, would lead to runny, open, sucking wounds the likes of which would hand Nixon the election on a blood-stained platter. Or so the thinking went.

But it simply didn't happen, despite what you may have watched on TV as CBS and NBC continued day-after-day to parrot the "most open convention in history...line. Small wonder that Marcus Welby re-runs on ABC topped the ratings.

Make no mistake, George McGovern deserved the nomination. He won the primaries. His people won in the committees and they won the behind the scenes rulings from the chair that made the nomination that much easier. Their well-run campaign organization seemed to be everywhere on the floor, with a force of 250 persons whipping the delegates this way and that, depending upon which line the McGovern high command thought wise.

But "open" is a strong word for what developed in Miami Beach. On Sunday, party chairman Lawrence O'Brien cautioned the state floor leaders and workers for the candidates: "Just remember that whatever you do will be seen by 25 million people," he said, with a look toward the television booths. Not five minutes later, he left McGovern and anti-McGovern forces screaming at each other across the almost empty floor, by publicly announcing one of the chair's rulings, a decision which favored McGovern.

One of the first groups to find out about the invisible machine of the "New Politics" was the 32-member South Carolina delegation. when McGovern and his staff decided to intentionally lose a challenge to put more women on the delegation in order to gain more leverage for the crucial California decision later Monday night.

As the votes came in, it appeared at first that the challenge would win. Mary Demetrius, a McGovern floor whip wo was an alternate on the South Carolina delegation moaned: "Before this vote, we probably had ten votes on for the California challenge in the S.C. delegation. But now these people are mad. They think McGovern's going to kick them out."

But the tide of the vote changed as McGovern orperatives began directing to delegates to change their votes in order that the challenge fail. When it did, Governor John West and other South Carolina delegates mistook it for a McGovern failure, instead of the political maneuver that it was. West babbled to the reporters and the cameras that the vote indicated Humphrey strength, and Walter Cronkite told several million people on television the same thing. It was quite a good trick for an "open convention," where the delegates always "vote their consciences."

For all practical purposes, the convention was concluded when the California challenge was upheld an hour later. The next night a McGovern-directed 'centrist" platform was ratified, McGovern was nominated with little trouble on Wednesday, and poor old Tom Eagleton was nominated on Thursday.

All in all, it was a bad week for the 32 delegates from South Carolina. Governor John West, former Governor Robert McNair and Senator Ernest Hollings commanded some attention and privately decided that maybe McGovern is acceptable after all. None of them is quite prepared to announce whole-hearted support of the McGovern-Shriver ticket yet, but they probably will before November.

James Clyburn, a black West advisor and delegate, tried to organize Southern black votes on the floor, but had limited success.

Most all of the delegates simply watched

silently as the forces of McGovern and the "New Politics" systemnatically outvoted them on almost every decision that was made.

At one point, "Preacher" Harrelson, a lowstate legislator was interviewed by NBC's Douglas Kiker. Kiker wanted to know if the nomination of McGovern would spell disaster for Harrelson's own legislative contest in November. "I'm not going to let McGovern's nomination hurt me," Harrelson said, "no matter how bad he loses in the state." The "Preacher" admitted a second later that he has no Republican opposition in the fall. That information made Kiker's interview entirely irrelevant, and he quickly switched from Harrelson, who was still trying to talk, "back up to the booth." Covering an "oepn convention" can be hard at times.

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Cinema

THE SALZBURG CONNECTION--Barry Newman in the film from Helen MacInnes' best-selling suspense novel. Gamecock I.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE--Rod Steiger and Susannah York in the film version of Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s Broadway play. A big-game hunter returns from Africa to find his wife involved with several men. Quite a funny play. Gamecock I, coming soon. RECOMMENDED.

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT--Richard Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant try hard to make this film come alive. Adapted from Philip Roth's novel. Thru August 10th, Gamecock II.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF--The usual lavish treatment of the usual Broadway musical with Topol and Molly Picon. Moving from uptown to Gamecock II on Aug. 11.

THE OTHER--Uta Hagen stars in the film version of Thomas Tryon's ultra-scary horror story about twins growing up during the depression. One is nice but the other isn't. Jefferson Square, Aug. 11. RECOMMENDED.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON-101 DALMATIONS--Superior Disney with John Mills as Robinson and Dorothy MacGuire as his wife in a fun adventure film. Also, Cruella DeVille as the nefarious canine-napper. Should be a fun show for kids. Coming soon, Plaza III.

COME BACK, CHARLESTON BLUE--Godfrey Cambridge and Raymond St. Jacques return to their customary as avedigy and Coffin Ed in this excellent continuation of Chester Himes' novels about the Harlem police vs. the White Mafia and black gangsters. Great comedy and score from Donny Hathaway. Continuing at the Carolina. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

KANSAS CITY BOMBER--Raquel Welch on roller skates as the queen of the Roller Derby. Watch out, Joanie Weston! Fox Theatre.

THE CANDIDATE--Robert Redford and Peter Boyle take an inside look at charisma, broken promises, and political pundits. Coming soon, Fox. RECOMMENDED.

FRENZY--A necktie murderer in London with Alfred Hitchcock pulling the punches. Excellent film with some fine performances from British cast. Coming soon to Miracle Theatre. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

EVERYTHING YOU...AFRAID TO ASK--Woody Allen and Gene Wilder appear in this wacko "adaptation" of Dr. Reuben's little book. Coming soon, Miracle Theatre. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

WHAT'S UP, DOC?--This film may run forever, and no wonder. A return to the screwball comedies of the '30's with Barbara Streisand and Ryan O'Neal and four identical suitcases in San Francisco. Continuing at the Palmetto. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

LATE SHOWS--The Palmetto has the following late shows scheduled for the month of August: 4-5, "Guess What We Learned in School Today" is a senseless farce about sex education; 11-12, "The Magic Christian" with Ringo Starr, Peter Sellers, Raquel Welsh, and Laurence Harvey in Terry Southern's book about an eccentric; 18-19, "The Trip" with Peter Fonda as a young man experimenting with LSD and Jack Nicholson as his friend; 25-26, "Let It Be" is a documentary featuring the Beatles in their last days together; Sept. 1-2, "Yellow Submarine" with Beatle music and voices from happier days.

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE--Goldie Hawn, Eddie Albert, Jr., and Eileen Hackert in the film version of the hit Broadway play about a blind man in love who must overcome his domineering mother. Coming soon to Richland Mall.

BRIAN'S SONG--Originally seen on television, this film with James Caan portrays Brian Piccolo's fight with cancer. Coming soon to Richland Mall. An Emmy Award winner.

Specials

BEAU'S BEEN BUSTED in Winnsboro, at mercy of public defender. Currently at CCI in Columbia for evaluation. He would like company, his wife needs rides and babysitters, and of course, funds and or legal assistance are needed as well. Visitors should have adequate i.d. and should call before they go. Make inquiries, etc. through 214 Evans St.

NOTICE

NEW GENERATION, a Columbia media adventure, is having a fund-raising dance featuring the "best of local bands" playing boogie music. Fete will commence Friday, Aug. 18 at the Shrine Club on I-26. $2.00 per person.

Contest deadline

South Carolina Review, the state's only publically-supported creative writing magazine, is offering cash prizes for short stories, essays, plays, and poems in its annual creative writing contest.

The prize money, provided in part by the S. C. Arts Commission and the National Endowment for the Arts, will be awarded as follows: $100 each to the author of the best short story, play, essay, and article, and $25 each to the authors of the two best poems.

Any state resident or any person attending school or college in South Carolina may enter the contest, submitting one or more entries in any or all of the five categories.

Short stories and "scholarly" or critical essays should be from 3000 to 5000 words in length. Scholarly works (suitable for tenure and promotion purposes) may be on any subject pertaining to literature, art, society or general culture.

Personal essays should run from 2500 to 4000 words. One-act plays or short three-act plays will be accepted and should not exceed 20 to 25 typewritten pages.

Manuscripts must carry no names. Short poems of one or two pages may be single-spaced --- all other manuscripts must be double-spaced. Include an accompanying sheet listing the author's name, address, title of entry, and category, and also include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your ms. to be returned.

Entries will be judged on Vitality and Realization of Aim, according to the contest sponsors, who add that the whole purpose of the contest is to Promote Good Writing and Effective Thought in South Carolina.

Be sure your entries are postmarked no later than midnight, August 15. Address all entries to: The South Carolina Review, Department of English, Furman University, Greenville, S. C. 29613.

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Jumpin' Jack Flash is back

by John Brady

As everyone must know by now, the Rolling Stones have finished a North American tour timed to coincide with the release of their newest album, **Exile on Main Street.**

That being the case, it seems appropriate to review both the performance and the album at the same time.

I firmly believe that only other artists are equipped to judge the merit of another artists work, and they are poorly equipped to do so at that. When you get right down to it, all a reviewer can do is tell you whether he liked a work and why.

I liked both the album and the live performance--for entirely different reasons.

I like **Exile on Main Street** because it sounds like a live album minus the witless teeny boppers screaming "Paint it black, you devils," and I liked the show (a) for the music, and (b) because watching Jagger dance is comparable to seeing the combined stage shows of James Brown and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles at one time.

Jagger moves that fast--I think maybe even faster than Brown did in his prime.

It's a good thing he does, too, because even a long-time fan like me has to admit that the Stones' sound loses something from lack of back-up vocals in live performances.

I think that was evident in both the previous live albums (**Got Live if You Want It**, and **Get Your Ya-Yas Out**).

Both albums left something to be desired, the former being simultaneously the best and the worst live album I've every heard and the latter sounding a little flat in spots, especially where Jagger wandered ever so slightly off key.

"Exile" has that live feel, but also has all the back-up Jagger needs to complement his singing.

It's a feeling in the true sense of the word--I don't know just why it sounds that way, but it does.

The closest thing to it I can describe is the little rushes that go through my scalp when I hear Salt of the Earth on Beggar's Banquet. It sounds like it was recorded in a bar with drunks pulled in off the street for backing vocals.

The only song the Stones did in concert that seemed to fall flat for lack of back-up was Gimme Shelter--that song just doesn't make it without a back-up section.

On the other hand, there is Midnight Rambler, which wouldn't sound right with any more accompaniment that it has in concert.

When you compare the live performance with Exile, the thing that strikes you is that the songs from this album the boys did in concert (almost half the show) sounded exactly like they do on the album, due largely to the background work by Nicky Hopkins and Bobby Keys, I think.

Keith Richards (he's put the "S" back on the end of the name, they tell me) sounded like andenoidal Jagger on Happy, in which he sings the lead.

A little thin, maybe, but alright.

My personal favorite from the album didn't make it to the live show, but I have to mention Ventilator Blues anyway--it's a good tune.

The Charlotte show opened with Brown Sugar, never one of my favorites, and from the lackluster performance the Stones put into it, I'd say it wasn't their favorite, either. What the hell, though, you gotta play the hits or they'll just scream for them all night, like the Cream fans who yelled "Toad" all the way through two hours worth of much better music.

At least they played it first and got it out of the way, along with the picture freaks whose flashes can ruin concerts for everyone else.

The Stones forbade flashes after the first number and made it stick--I saw one guy stomped within an inch of his life for violating the ban, and he deserved it.

The Stones still remember something that a lot of rock fans either don't know or have forgotten--the show is the thing.

It helps if the music is as good as it was that Thursday in Charlotte Coliseum, but you can make it anyway if the show is good enough.

That is why Jaggers' dancing more than compensates for any lack of background singing.

You have to see him to believe him.

You have to see Keith Richards to believe him, too, because he does things with a guitar that eight years of trying to imitate him have convinced me are not possible.

I didn't get any help from seeing him, either, because he faced Watts (the drummer) so much I couldn't see his fingers.

I did learn this much, though--he uses a capo in the fifth and third frets a lot, especially when he's playing slide. Sorry I can't tell you what tunings he used, but like I said, I couldn't see his fingers.

He started off playing a Gibson Les Paul guitar, but he changed instruments so often I lost track of how many instruments and what kinds he used.

A Fender Esquire did yeoman's service for him, though, which kind of surprised me (maybe I won't sell my jazzmaster, after all).

Unlike some of the earlier songs, notably Sympathy for the Devil, the songs from "Exile" could be played live exactly the way they were played on the album. Sympathy for the Devil, however, was not on the bill for this concert--possibly the Stones figured everyone had heard it until they were sick of it by now.

Very little of the early Stones work was included on the concert bill.

Jumping Jack Flash and Street Fighting Man were the oldest songs they played. I personally would like to have heard the Last Time, but I guess you can only play the same lick so many times before you get sick of it (and anyway, who asked me?)

The most striking song by way of constrast with the other material on both the album and the concert bill was Sweet Virginia, with its famous line refering to the removal of excrement from footwear.

In the performance, Sweet Virginia, like Love in Vain, came at a point when everyone was getting just a little tired of standing up.

Both songs slowed the pace of the concert without destroying the stomping, shouting mood of the concert--a neat trick in itself, difficult for any group to pull off.

The same holds on the album as far a Sweet Virginia is concerned.

It introduces a side that has perhaps the greater variations in tempo and mood than any other on the album, and the side would have been much less listenable had any other song on the album led it off.

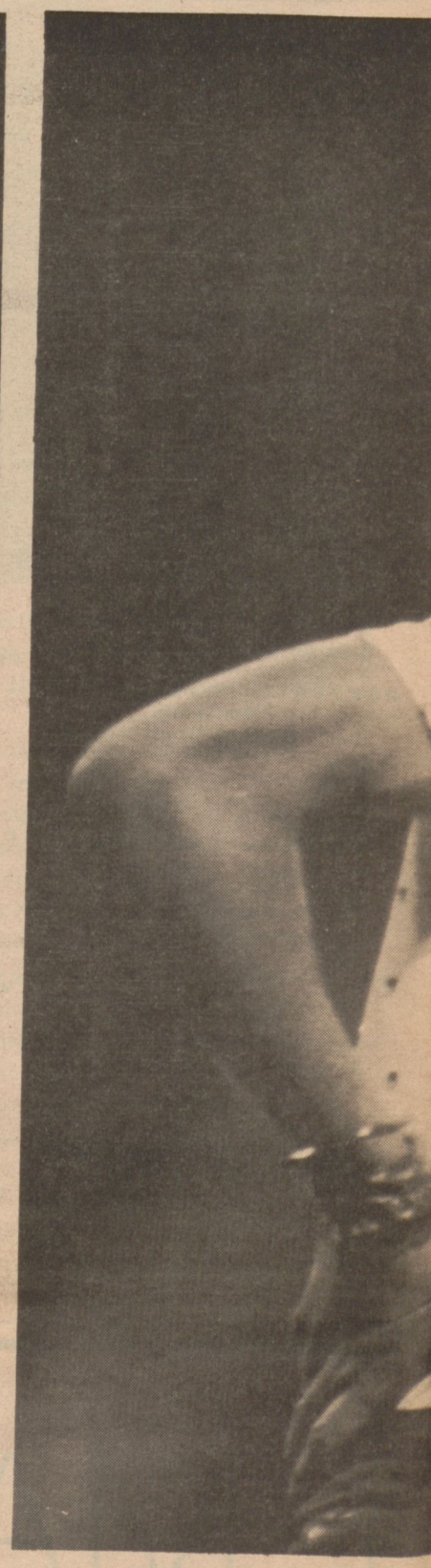
Tumbling Dice sounded better live than on the album to me, I don't quite know why--maybe because the lead-in on the album, Casino Boogie, is one of the weaker songs on the album, even to a dedicated boogie fan.

At any rate, the song didn't suffer as much from lack of a back-up as I thought it would--it even sounded a little better.

There's nothing really new on the album, and there was nothing new in the concert, but each was one of the best listening experiences I've been confronted with in a long time.

Before this, my favorite Stones album was **NOW!**, released in 1964, which was also when I bought it.

I've got a new favorite.



Leon Ru

by Mike Smith

Two o'clock in the afternoon. The pho rings.

"Russell's piano didn't show," the call told me.

UGH! Leon Russell without a piano is lik Christmas without Santa Claus or a Sunda paper without "Doonesbury". It's miserable time, a bummer, an incomple experience.

Fortunately, somebody dug up replacement somewhere and the Leo Russell Black-and-White Rock-and-Ro Revival Meeting rolled into town, picked u several thousand converts and sped alon through the night, spreading his musica messages throughout the South.

Leon Russell is a master musician wh has played with every major name in th rock-and-roll business: the Rolling Stones Joe Cocker, Bob Dylan, George Harrison and his own assortment of friends an groupies known at various times as th Shelter People, Asylum Choir II, and Ma Dogs and Englishmen.

The coliseum that Tuesday night looke like the 87th Precinct. Obviously, the only reason to hold a concert in Columbia is t keep the police off the streets. Give them somewhere to go late at night.

The show began shortly after eight with Midsinger, an r-and-r band from Dallas who were better than a lot of famous groups-- Black Sabbath, the James Gang, and other such insipid bands. They played a few good licks and their drummer was right good. I was more turned off by their "radically chic" dress than by their music, but, then, I

Concerts

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS, along with Fleetwood Mac, John Baldry and It's a Beautiful Day will appear in concert at Charlie B. Ranch Arena on Saturday, August 12 at 2 p.m. Tickets are on sale in Columbia at Taylor's street pharmacy for $5.

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS will also appear in Charleston's County Hall on August 12 at 8 p.m. Admission is $4 in advance and $5 at the door. Flash, a new group, is also on the card.

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER will be in Charlotte Coliseum in Charlotte Thursday August 3 at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are now on sale at $6, $5 and $4. All seats are reserved. Jo Jo Gunne is also on the program.

PEACHTREE CELEBRATION in Rockingham, N.C., at North Carolina Motor Speedway will feature Three Dog Night, Faces with Rod Stewart, the James Gang, Savoy Brown, Fleetwood Mac, Bloodrock, Goose Creek Symphony, Poco, Black Oak Arkansas, the Dillards and Tower of Power. August 18 from 1 p.m. to 1 a.m. Mail order tickets are available by money order or cashier's check from ''Peachtree Celebration'',, P.O. Box 1338, Rockingham, N.C. 28379.

JAMES GANG and Tiny Alice will perform in Atlanta's Municipal Auditorim Monday, August 14 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets will be $3.50, $4.50 and $5.50.

T. REX will be at the Sports Arena in Atlanta on Monday, August 21 at 7:30 p.m. Tickets in advance will cost $4.50 and at the door they'll be $5.50.

DEEP PURPLE will perform with Fleetwood Mac on Monday, August 28 at 7:30 p.m. in Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta. Tickets for the show are priced at $3.50, $4.50 and $5.50.

ussell, and the traveling rock show

was supposed to watch them too.

On second thought, maybe they were pretty bad because I got bored toward the end of their gig and went out to watch the crowds.

Aw, the audience! Next time a big concert is in town, pick out a safe spot in a corner somewhere and watch the crowds. It's really a gas, especially in Columbia.

A band's reputation influences the composition of the audience. When the Osmonds are in town, the crowd is very young and a bit of a disappointment. But with the really heavy rock stars, the audience which shows up is something to watch--glazed eyes, hair everywhere, flashy clothes, and a generally raunchy atmosphere permeate the coliseum--indeed, it is a festive, carnival air.

Of course, in Columbia, the ''in'' thing to do is sit out the warm-up group and arrive about ten minutes into the main attraction. If the Rolling Stones showed up three hours late (as they did in Boston), half the audience would still manage to miss the first number.

Back inside, the cops were having a hassle. Seems all these uppity freaks thought they should sit in the aisles to welcome Leon when he walked on stage. There was some talk about fire regulations as if something in the coliseum could burn.

The police were obviously too scared to bust any heads--thank God--so the freaks won this concert. Of course, that puts the score at PIGS 20 FREAKS 1, but at least, we've broken their mandate.

Leon came on and the crowd went wild and the police went crazy and Leon and his singers and pickers unleashed a cageful of wild sounds on the place and nobody would stop moving for the next two hours.

From a driving blues sound, Leon and company slipped into some fine gospel stuff and then back into some charging rock-and-roll with the greatest of ease.

And, they covered some remarkable territory.--''Alcatraz'', ''Jumpin' Jack Flash-Young Love'', and ''Sweet Emily'' from the Shelter People album, and some fine gospel numbers from the chorus.

The crowd was uncontrollable, but Russell with his Southern drawl and general good-time feeling put everyone to ease. He was warm, personal, and friendly, yet had the good sense to keep himself surrounded in an aura of professionalism.

After a quick beer, he launched into a plug for his latest album ''Carney'' and delivered a rousing version of one of the new songs--''Queen of the Roller Derby.''

For an encore, Russell came on alone for a piano solo on ''Singin' this Song For You''. Again, Russell filled the coliseum with a sense of sincerity and joy. With the whole band back, he belted out ''Stranger In A Strange Land'', a beautiful way to end the evening.

I'm really glad he took time out to plug his new album because, on his own recommendation, I went out and bought a copy of it. On the front is Leon in white-face staring into a well-lighted make-up mirror. On the back, he's sitting by his broken down van.

Side one of the album opens with ''Tight Wire'' which features some damned fine piano and super-great lyrics. The rest of that side is a carefully-blended assortment of moods with Leon wailing, humming, and singing some fine blues. Especially nice is ''Manhatten Island Serenade'' which is finely mixed with some country-blues and a nifty sound effects lead-in. ''Out In The Woods'' is a Zulu song with excellent accompaniment from Don Preston with the lyrics and the chorus showing a superb sense of timing to present such a complicated yet delicate sound.

Side two suffers a bit from some poor instrumentation and a bad attempt at heaviness. ''Carney'' is a couple of seconds of great calliope music but ''Acid Annapolis'' is pure banality. ''This Masquerade'' is a great piano, blues song with Russell at his pleading best. ''Magic Mirror'' again features the rousing chorus and some fine lyrics.

With ''Carney'' Russell again tells the story of young grit on the run, and it gets better with each telling. Using the carnival metaphor with its gaiety, superficialities, and ultimate loneliness, he weaves a fine tapestry of moods and sounds which demonstrate that ''you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy.''

Born in the South, Russell has always been a ''Stranger In a Strange Land'', but, through his music he tries to capture the sound and tradition of that land. His music gives meaning to his strangeness, making it a bit worth-while.

Art/ Chitty and Mayes

Young and struggling

"...A mammoth billboard in Tallahassee, depicting a Big Mac hamburger, commercial in the best tradition..."

by Bill Robinson

CHARLESTON--"Quaint and picturesque" (Champer of Commerce adjectives) Charleston is not lacking in self-styled artists.

The word here conjures up stereotyped images of old ladies in straw hats painting cloud-filled seascapes, amateurs and professionals alike busily churning out pseudo-Impressionistic views of 200 year-old Episcopal churches or paintings of white columned ante-bellum mansions squatting in sedate decadence along the city's historic Battery.

A large bulk of locally-produced paintings and drawings are manufactured specifically for the tourist trade; most resemble fancy framed postcards.

Rick Chitty and Ken Mayes, while digging the preserved (some say stagnant) Charleston atmosphere, are two of a small number of definite exceptions to the generally accepted portrait of a "low-country artist. Young, 25 and 26, Mayes and Chitty paint visions, visions influenced by rock music as well as by other old masters, Van Eyck, frisbee playing remnants of past formal education, friends and personal relationships.

Verbal description of work by Chitty or Mayes is difficult if not impossible (remember Marshall McLuhan). The few word sketches I have attempted are primarily to interest the reader in seeing the paintings for himself. My premise is that the work of both is some of the most interesting in this area, and they themselves, fairly obscure at present, represent a new type of artist living and working in, of all places, South Carolina.

"I don't know; I may just be demented. But I'm doing exactly what I want to do." Artist Mayes sits before a Work In Progress, a large oil painting. A glaring toga-clad figure, a fat harpy-like old lady with a Roman crown of peacock feathers scowls down at the sprawling body of a nude woman. "It's about power," he says cryptically as he steadily strokes paint on the canvas.

Mayes, working in cut-off blue jeans, long brown hair flowing over his bare shoulders, looks the image of the pre-Raphaelite, neo-classical artist he describes himself. He is patiently answering a question, describing to the interviewer his "Unified Life Style,"

explaining why going to the Piggly Wiggly to buy a box of Triscuits is an artistic act as significant to him as his painting. Art as life and vice versa. The interviewer nods in cosmic acquiescence.

Mayes appears hardly demented, remarkably lucid, painting and rapping in his second story loft-studio above the hustle of Charleston's downtown King Street. ("My observation post" he calls it pointing to his flower-filled window looking down on the street.'

He slides briefly into reminiscence. Epic Works of the Past are mentioned. A mammoth billboard in Tallahassee, Florida, depicting a Big Mac hamburger, commercial in the best modern hard-edge tradition, complete with ten-foot tall patties. Another, a forty-foot bikini-clad woman, basking in sunburnt exploitation, pushing, with a smile, Tanya Coconut Oil.

More recent and representative of Mayes' public work is the front door of the Three Nags, a college bar on George Street in Charleston. Painted in 1970, the door is a sort of verticle triptych: finely drawn mushrooms in the top panal, a Rembrandt-type portrait of a Medieval woman in the second; the third a cross, an eclipse of the sun, and a pair of large eyes looming over a horizon. Each panal is bordered in a drawn framing painted in vibrant but light pastel colors--these borders are common to almost all of Mayes' work.

Mayes' titles are phrases barely decipherable conveying a mood, not to be interpreted or taken literally: ("Maybe Castles Turning," a drawing of a young woman, from naval to chin, hangs on his studio wall; "The Great Callingo Conspiracy" a Janus-like double profile, a young man on one side, a skull on the other; "Great National Farm Yard Rooster"--a few representative examples.

Imagine a finely-drawn derrigible, several feet long, floating on a white canvas, ephemeral, drawn in soft pencil strokes, hardly an image. More a washed-out dream fantasy ready to fade altogether out of existence. Titled "Zepplin in dedication to the Great Pirates." Or a griffin, composed of small wings spread across white pencil strokes. The face of a beautiful pensive girl suspended in the evening sky, underneath an expanse of Monet orange, the bottom portion a network of lines forming what appears to be parched, dry land.

Rick Chitty, creator of the ghost-like zepplin, is, like his close friend Mayes, reluctant to offer any verbal explanation of his work; he would rather it be experienced. "I don't expect people to really understand my drawings," Chitty, a dropped-out University of South Carolina art major, says, "because I don't."

Chitty's current work is large (3'x6'). At the base of the canves are the faded images of lips, a rose, and a moth. The upper portion is a multi-planed study in faded color.

"The reason I draw so lightly," Chitty explains, "is that it makes the canves a minimal surface at a glance. As you look at it you begin to see things, things that make your eyes move and get you into the painting, things that aren't accidents."

Chitty, born in Parris Island, S.C., spent most of his life "travelling around with my father who was in the Marine Corps." After finishing North Augusta High School, he did factory work for several years, then, in 1966, went to Carolina to become a medical illustrator. He attributes some of his artistic development to Phil Mullins, an art instructor at USC and a Columbia artist. Otherwise, he has little positive to say concerning his college days.

Mayes, a native of Americus, Georgia, arrived in Charleston two years ago, his coming ominously marked by an eclipse of the sun. After graduating from Florida State University in Tallahassee, he worked briefly in New York City as a commercial artist, found it "too rough," and after a dismal eight months split in van to that Rocky Montain Mecca, Denver, Colorado.

"One night in Denver," Mayes narrates, "I couldn't find a place to park, was down and felt the need to be someplace I could survive in." That place was Charleston, a town in which he had had both professional experience ("spent a summer painting pictures of sailboats for tourists") and some good friends.

Mayes' studio, which he considers "central" to his work is a museum of turn-of-the century artifacts. An old Chick Treats 2 for 1 cent machine, an ancient decaying wheelchair, old hand-made enameled signs, 19th century posters and advertisements--the loft is an entity, a work of art in itself, a time warp, a collection of souvenirs from a period in history when craft in everyday objects was the norm.

"Charleston has everything to do with how I paint," Mayes explains. "Isolation--here I can influence myself, be comfortable and be left alone."

For the last several years, Mayes and Chitty have manged to support themselves by selling works to friends or friends of friends along the Columbia-Charleston axis. With the exception of a show last September at Charleston's Gibbes Art Gallery, neither have made much of an effort to promote their work. Both command from $200 to $500 a piece and sell everything they do. Mayes estimated that his income from painting last year was "about $2,000."

But as far as the Economics of The Struggling Young Artist are concerned, both are now at a turning point in terms of public acceptance and the benefits accrued thereby.

"I'm beginning to do large things in oil," Mayes explains, "works that take more time, and thus make it necessary that I get more money." "More money," both feel, can come only through exposure in a large city (Atlanta, Washington, etc) where their works will be appreciated and bought.

So there is vague talk about shows someplace in the near future, though nothing seems concrete to date. (Chitty is to have a show at the Havens Gallery in Columbia in this fall; for the exact dates, contact that gallery.)

Both Mayes and Chitty's works defy verbalization, and any article written about them is only a corollary to their painting and drawings. Unfortunately, but logically their work is fairly inaccessible to the general public. Chitty has exhibited at the Havens in Columbia from time to time. Several of his drawings are also a part of the Citizens and Southern Bank's art collection and can be seen at the C&S Jefferson Square building in Columbia. ("Go to the mezzanine," Chitty directs, "and ask the guard there where the art collection is.") Chitty is also working on a large sign that will eventually hang outside the Merry-Go-Round, a botique on George Street in Charleston.

No banks need be visited to view a representative sample of Mayes who, as mentioned above, did the door of the Three Nags on George Street, as well as some work at the entrance of Paper Charley's, a shop on Charleston's King Street.

Anyone interested in seeing or obtaining works by either artist should contact Mayes through Paper Charley's, Chitty at 33 Charlotte Street where he lives in Charleston.

HELP!

and corporate editing, give us a try. We can keep a secret. Write us at P. O. Box 5033, Columbia, S. C. 29250.

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Osceola has a real need for someone who can work in the office several hours a day Mon.-Fri. or who can devote a day or two a week from 9 to 5 to answering the phone, handling minor business matters, and meeting the public. We can't offer any salary as such right now, but we may be able to negotiate eating money and so on. As we grow, the job will eventually become a full-time, salaried position.

Anyone interested in helping please call 252-8385, 254-7086, or 253-7816 and ask for Jim, John, or Randal. Or you can write P. O. Box 5033, Columbia, S. C. 29250. Please include a phone number.

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Osceola is looking for experienced writers and reporters interested in doing investigative journalism, interviews, and feature writing with a different slant, all full-time or part-time. Also interested in your story ideas and work you have already begun. Payment for articles depends on their scope, impact, and our budget.

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Several of our subscribers have complained that they are not receiving Osceola regularly through the mail. If this has happened to you, please drop us a postcard indicating which issues you have not received.

Cinema: The old genius is still there

by Mike Smith

A politician standing on a soapbox in a London Park harangues a group of listeners as victim number 4, a nude blonde, is pulled out of the River Thames. Of course, she has a necktie neatly tied around her neck.

Then we watch Dick Blaney dutifully don a necktie, go to his job at a London pub and get fired for drinking on the job. In another bar, two doctors discuss the "necktie strangler"-a compulsive man who, according to the doctors, is socially maladjusted, easily angered and crazy, and Dick Blaney, at the same bar, fights with the bartender before foolishly spending his last quids on a triple scotch.

Victim number 5 is the former Mrs. Richard Blaney, a young woman who runs a "lonely hearts" organization. Her secretary finds her in her office--with a tie around her neck, her eyes wide. The secretary also identifies Dick Blaney as the last man seen leaving the dead woman's office.

Victim number 6 is a young barmaid who befriended Blaney. Her nude body is found in the back of a produce truck, rolling around in a stack of potato sacks and loose spuds.

With his new film, Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense, slowly builds a pedestrian whodunnit into an electrifying screen experience. Bit by bit, the old master unfolds the events of his story until all of London and the audience is in a state of frenzy--and "Frenzy" is quite an apt title for this little piece.

Hitchcock's reputation among critics and filmnuts has suffered greatly over the past few years. "Psycho" was his last commercial and artistic success even after the initial bad press. "Marnie" and "The Birds" were inferior Hitchcock pieces and "Torn Curtain" and "Topaz" were just duds. (Julie Andrews as a nuclear physicist and John Forsyth as an American diplomat--egads!)

What probably caused this great lack of interest with Hitchcock films i that "Psycho" is the rarity for him. Many young filmgoers, especially, saw "Phycho" and expected all Hitchcock works to be gory tales of perverted murderers who like to camp it up with women's clothes. Nonsense.

"Frenzy" returns to vintage Hitchcock--past all the glitter of the good Cary Grant flicks ("North by Northwest", "To Catch a Thief", and "Notorious" anSuspicion") to the earliest Hitchcock thrillers made in England before World War II. Master works like "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes" established his reputation as a great film director, and "Frenzy" returns to this early richness.

Basically, "Frenzy" is a nurder mystery, full of unmistakable clues, jolly English hunor, and a feeling of "inner-city madness" which grabs many a city dweller. Hitchcock controls the audience, mystifies it, and then--with one sudden move--strips his viewer of any sense of reality. He cajoles the audience into accepting an expeditious lie, and, quite beautifully, he jolts us back into a newer awareness.

His cast of actors, largely unknown to American audiences, pays off better than most. Jon Finch plays Dick Blaney with a certain madness which attracts just as it horrifies. It is, indeed, a constantly good performance from an actor of no reputation. Barry Foster plays the good friend Rusk with equally good work. He is charming, yet repulsive, and very good in several comic sequences.

Barbara Leigh-Hunt plays Victim number 5, Mrs. Blaney, as a woman of great compassion and trust in her husband. She is excellent in the dinner scene with Finch and gives a convincing portrayal of a woman who knows she is going to die. Anna Massey is Victim number 6, the barmaid, and gives, perhaps, the best performance in the film. She is honest and believable in her role, making her murder even more pitiable.

Three highly respected British actors give masterful performances in supporting roles which Hitchcock beautifully employs for comic relief. Alec MacGowan and Vivian Merchants play the inspector and his wife with great comic spirit. Comedy of a very sophisticated brand has always been a trademark of early Hitchcock films, and MacGowan and Merchants' scenes mark a return to the director's only comedy, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith". In "Frenzy", Hitchcock daintily counterpoints the frenzy of London with the frenzy the inspector faces at home. Afer a bad day at the office trying to track down a homocidal maniac who kills women with ties, no one would possibly enjoy a dinner of roast quail and grapes. These comic scenes are light-hearted, but they are played well and are genuinely funny.

Bernard Cribbins plays the bartender who fires Blaney. A cockney, he presents a perfect picture of lower-and middle-class prejudice and ignorance. Cribbins, in the film, is an evil man who twists the truth to prove his point--Dick Blaney is a murderer.

What sets "Frenzy" above the usual Hitchcock thriller, however, is an intelligent script by Anthony Shaffer, a British playwright who wrote the highly successful London and Broadway play "Sleuth". Shaffer gives his characters essential dialogue which is cogent, witty, and believable.

Point of view is the most unusual thing about Shaffer's script. Quite faithfully, the story follows Dick Blaney as he tries to escape the police. To best demonstrate the helplessness involved Shaffer allows the audience to see a series of remarkably well-drawn minor characters manipulate the major character in the film. This makes for an interesting approach to the manhunt as well as increasing the suspense as Blaney escapes from one incident to another.

Another strong point about Shaffer's script is that it is socially relevant. It satirizes the prejudice which many people have for someone who is strange and alone and running from an uncontrollable force. And, quite horribly, it shows the stupidity of those people who rusn to judgement, who condemn without all the facts.

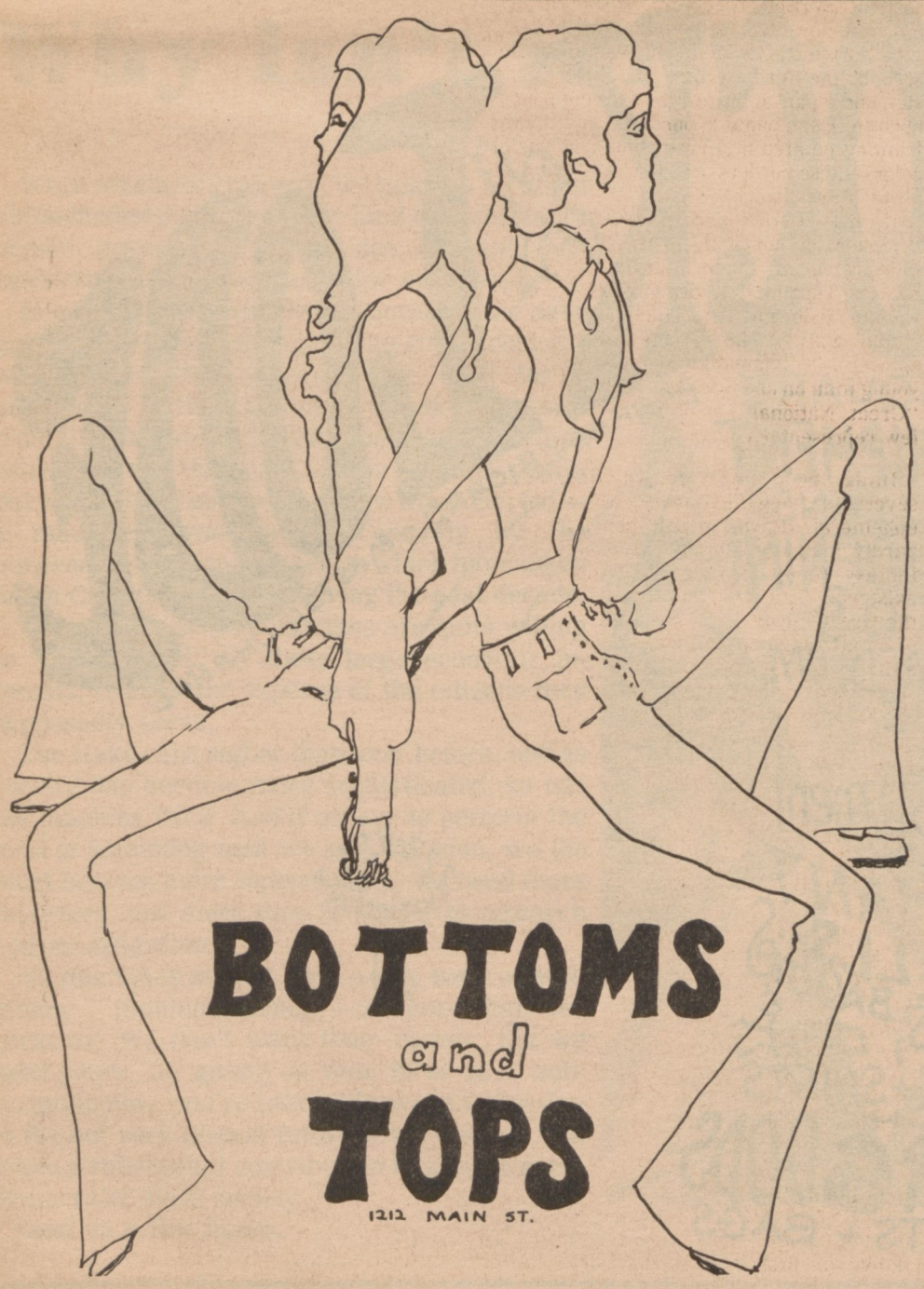
But Hitchcock, ultimately, remains the guiding hand in this comedy of terrors. He has packed this film with enough scenes to make heads swim. Each scene builds until just the right moment, and then, with all hell breaking loose, the audience is shocked into admitting its own stupidity, its own weaknesses, its own fears.

Each scene moves with an ever-increasing madness and speed. Only Hitchcock, with his desire to tantalize, could have directed and edited the film into the comprehensive entity that it becomes.

Returning to London, the scene of some of his best executed crimes, Hitchcock has picked up a new freshness which has been sorely missing from his last four films. Like a new child with old toys, he has rediscovered some old pleasures and some old techniques and, quite wonderfully, produced his best crafted work in some time.

And it's a pleasure to know that the old genius is still there.

"Frenzy" starts soon at the Miracle.



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'Eternity' begins

How does a cook at Howard Johnson's start an international science fiction magazine in Sandy Springs, S. C.?

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Stephen Gregg, a Clemson University dropout, began ETERNITY Science Fiction over a year ago by scraping together enough money from his salary at HoJo's to meet the publication costs of his first issue, published in July. "At first, I wrote to all the sf writers I liked," Gregg said, "offering them one-half cent per word, which is poor even for the science fiction field. I didn't get many positive responses, but I got enough to begin work on the magazine.

"As it progressed, and word about it got around, I began to receive more manuscripts, and at present I'm having no trouble at all getting good things. The major reason is I have almost no taboos (the only one is humor in sf--I don't care much for it). I've been getting first look at many stories, which a lot of people find hard to believe because of the low rates I'm forced to pay. But a lot of sf authors are more interested in having their stories appear as they wrote them than in making the most money possible."

In a day when many well-established science fiction magazines are struggling to survive, Gregg is optimistic about his chances. "Hopefully, the magazine will be unlike any other. I will be featuring poetry and graphics to a much greater extent...the fiction will be of a more varied range...and many stories will probably not even be science fiction. I will also be printing authors who have not been able to sell their stories to the more conventional markets, but who write circles around most established authors."

Gregg says his ultimate success will depend on how devious he is in procuring interesting material, and how willing he is to devote all his free time to putting the magazine together. "For something published on such a shoestring, you have to be willing to live your life for the publication for a long time."

The first issue contains short stories by Andrew J. Offutt, Barry Malzburg, Joseph Green, Robert E. Margroff and Edward Bryant. The July magazine also includes two graphics spreads, one by well-known s-f illustrator Jack Gaughan and the other by Dan Osterman; and articles by Philip K. Dick, author of over 25 sci-fi novels, and Denny O'Neill, script writer for DC Comics.

Future issues include fiction by David R. Bunch, Roger Zelazny, Arthur Cover, Barry Malberg, Grant Carrington and others, and interviews with Tom Disch, Jim Sallis, and Harlan Ellison.

Subscriptions are $3.50 per year. Send all correspondence, including manuscripts, to P. O. Box 193, Sandy Springs, S. C. 29677.

The inagural issue is available at the Capitol News Stand.

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Inventions/Solorama

What is going on?

It cures everything from cancer to warts by generating ultra-high-frequency electrons. . .

by Jim Turner

HEY! KIDS!! Be the first on your block to have your very own Solarama magic bedboard.

Solarmam, for those of you who just turned in is the wonderful therapeutic electronic device that cures tension, nervous disorders, virus infections, insommia, sore muscles, frostbite, hemmorrhoids, and cancer.

That's right, boys and girls, this marvelous invention made a chopped-off-tomato vine grow back together, says the inventor, and it'll do the same for Gov. George Wallace's spine!

Despite the jokes, this story seems, after prolonged investigation, to be true. For the past three weeks I've searched all over Greenville and throughout South Carolina by phone, to fine someone to scuttle Jimmy Scribner's hoax. The results are in:

Never Is Heard A Discouraging Word about the Solarama.

A well-known bank president and a funeral home director in Greenwood both say they wouldn't part with their boards for $1,000.

Another Greenwood man testifies: "I had a seven-inch bone graft operation in 1945, fusing vertebrae in my spine, and had had pain in my legs and sciatic nerves ever since.

"It got so bad that I spent this past January through March in bed, and had to cut back my heating and air conditioning business to almost nothing. After using this contraption for about 60 days and my pain and disability are almost completely gone."

Sound like one of those "Carter's Little Lumbago Pills" commercials on TV? Well Malcombe Crum says, "I'd be the last man on Earth to admit it if it wasn't so. I don't know how it works, but it sure has helped me."

Scribner has sold 7,000 of the damned things all over the country. And only one person has ever cashed in on the money-back guarantee. And that man's children sneaked back two weeks later and bought the board back for him, because they believed it was helping him and he just didn't want to admit it.

Men and women all over Greenville County swear the board has helped their arthritis, back troubles, bursitis, kidney infections, leukemia, and on and on and on. Why would all these presumably-honest folks lie about it?

The board, says the inventor, James Scribner of 204 Gridley Street in Greenville, is made of two asbestos cement sheets sealed together. In between is a layer of metallic paint composed of billions of particles of copper, zinc, aluminum and carbon, "100 times smaller than talcum powder." The device has a wall plug and runs on regular house current.

You put it between the mattress and box springs of your bid, plug it in, and forget it. The board contains a thermostat to keep its temperature below 110 degrees, so it won't burn your bed up.

It cures everything from cancer to warts by generating ultra-high-frequency electrons on or near the same frequency as the protons in human cells, Scribner explains.

The negative frequency of the electrons combines with the (positive) protons in the body to keep cells alive and multiplying. This essential metabolism can't exist without the electrons.

You can get the same benefits by living in water or lying naked in the sun and sleeping on the ground -- and save yourself $62, according to the inventor.

(Five months ago, Scribner told an interviewer he refuses to sell the formula for the metallic paint because he wants to "keep the price down to $50." Inflation gets to us all, sooner or later.)

Scribner started out as a radio engineer, later performing on radio shows broadcast nationwide. (Remember Uncle Remus?) After retirement he began playing around with electronics, building the first Solarama board as part of an agriculture experiment. He found it made the ivy grow in his front yard. Later he invented an electronic bean pot which was tested by local newspaper reporters, with good results.

He discovered Solarama could help animal tissue sort of by accident, when his paralyzed cat found the board nice and warm to lie on. Seven weeks later the cat regained use of her hind legs. Then he tried it out on his wife Doanda who had two vertebrae fused by surgery after an accident at work. It stopped her pain and her physician, Dr. Leslie Meyer, cancelled a scheduled third operation, telling Mrs. Scribner to "go back home and lie on whatever she had been lying on."

Meyer stops short of endorsing the board, but believes something helped Doanda Scribner.

When I interviewed Mrs. Scribner, she said their branch office in Daytona, Fla., had sold one of the boards to a "Mr. Dean" -- an attorney frined of Alabama Gov. George C. Wallace -- the week of the Democratic National Convention in Miami.

A little girl in Bethesda, Md., allegedly is regaining some use of her legs after having her spine cut in much the same way as Art Bremmer's bullet damaged Wallace's spinal chord last May.

Repeated efforts to contact Wallace or his press aide, Billy Joe Camp, in a Montgomery, Ala. hospital failed as Osceola's deadline approached. So that rumor is still unconfirmed, but we'll keep trying.

But if the good Governor comes skipping out of the hospital displaying the footwork of a former Golden Gloves boy socking it to the pointyheaded intellectuals, remember you heard it first in Osceola!

Why isn't this man smiling?

When we started Osceola, we talked a lot about oldfashioned populism --- the kind that embraces honest government, sane use of land and resources, and a fair shake for everybody.

In our few short months of operation, we have gained a good deal of insight into state problems which more than confirms the need for a publication with a populist outlook. We knew from the start about the old Democratic machine which has run this state for the past 100 years, but we've found out there's a new machine, too --- a machine owned almost entirely by the burgeoning economic interests which have taken South Carolina by storm during the past decade.

We've found some politicians are quite willing to "be retained" by these large economic interests, often at the expense of the citizens they supposedly serve.

The stakes are higher than ever before, and as society has become more sophisticated, so has the machine itself. And if we are to perform the kind of watchdog task we still envision, we too must become more sophisticated. We need more reporters, and more time to devote to research and investigation.

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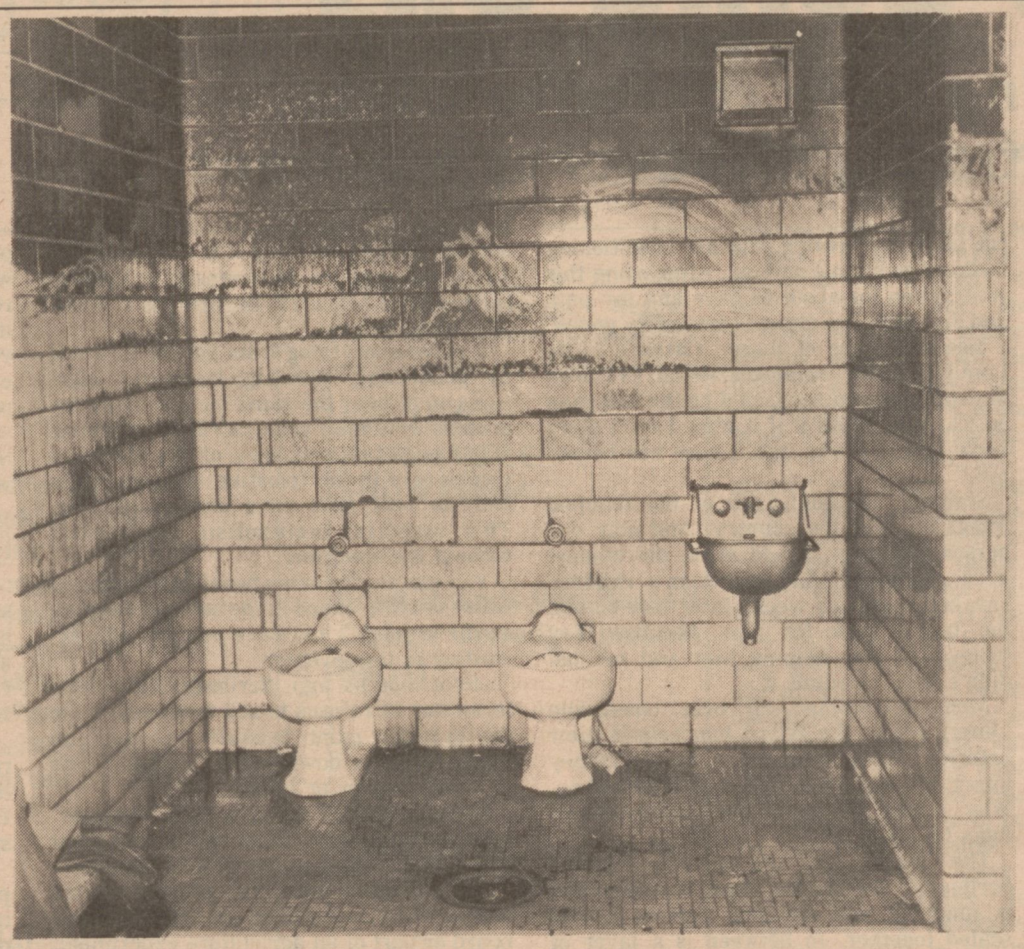
Coddling the councilmen

by Jim Turner

GREENVILLE--Government in Greenville County may have its weaknesses...but "coddling criminals" isn't one of them.

The Greenville County Jail has been a scandal for decades. The building has been around for almost 100 years. Since last November, prisoners have set fire to the place five times. In October there was a hepatitis outbreak. There have been repeated jailbreaks, including one two years ago in which a jailer was stabbed to death.

Although most of the inmates are suspects awaiting trial, it seems the system finds them "guilty until proven innocent."



They live for months in dungeon-like squallor, in overcrowded cells called "bullpens." No recreation is provided. With no prison yard, the men never see sunlight.

Some of the prisoners have even told Public Defender H.F. Partee that they would rather plead guilty to crimes they didn't commit than stay in the county jail. Convicts are sent to the outdoor prison camps or to the state penitentiary, where conditions are more bearable.

Bob Vaughn, chairman of the Greenville County Council, justifies this treatment of suspects with the "statistic" that "only between 2 and 2½ per cent of those who go through the system turn out to be innocent."

He arrived at this figure "through my own investigation" several months ago, said Vaughn.

The rash of fires over the past nine months was an apparent attempt by inmates to publicize conditions in the jail. They set fire to their mattresses, preseumably with cigarettes, since matches are not allowed in the cell blocks.

Vaughn says it is "foolish" for firemen to have to risk their lives "for these men who seem intent on creating disturbances."

So his answer to the fires is to remove the mattresses, and let the men sleep on the floor.

Study after study has been made on the jail, but little has been doen. After the fire chief told jailers the dungeon is a fire trap, they put in a garden hose. The jail was desegregated last December, making better use of limited space.

Councilman John C. Jarrard, chairman of the council's public safety committee, had a list of reforms ready, but withdrew them after the most recent fire.

Jarrard fears that Vaughn's "get tough" policy may just make things worse. Vaughn, known as "The Silver Fox" by his colleagues, is up for re-election this fall. Jarrard does not have to run again until 1974.

"I just don't know what to do," says Jarrard. "This thing has got me baffled."

Council members feel all the blame doesn't lie with them, since the governing body was not created until 1968. And one of their first official acts was to start the ball rolling for the new joint city-county law enforcement center. The first stage of that facility is a new jail. Unfortunately, completion of the detention facility is at least two years away.

So what about the men who can't wait two years? A new maximum security building in another part of town has relieved some of the overcrowding. Until recently, prisoners were not allowed to have visitors while court was in session, and that has been changed. Some reading material has been made available, which helps pass the time.

State and local laws don't help the situation much. Some statutes are interpreted as forbidding money to be spent on education and other programs to make the prisoners' stay less boring. You can't start "rehabilitating" a fellow until he's been found guilty of something to rehabilitate himself from.

A grand jury convened in December, 1971, laid the blame for the jail situation "squarely on elected officials." Foreman Samuel Glenn pointed out that he meant not just those now in office, but former officials as well. He noted that nothing has been done since a similar panel made recommendations in 1962.

An editorial in the Greenville Piedmont recently said the present situation could have been predicted 20 years ago when a post-war economic boom would have provided the means to build a new jail without undue tax burdens. The price is almost prohibitive now, what with the current "Nixon prosperity" digging into everybody's paycheck. But further improvements must be made between now and 1974 if Greenville hopes to avoid further troubles in the county jail.

A man who did some time there described conditions the prisoners live with: "You can't get no drinking water unless you flush the commode." A spigot that was supposed to provide water "wasn't working when I got there, and it wasn't working when I left."

Prisoners can not take a shower until the jailer is ready for them to, since the shower controls are "outside."

Jailers are supposed to light cigarettes for the men, but the former inmate recalled that one jailer "never seemed to have matches on him" so smokers had to wait for the next guard's watch -- four hours later.

After the fires, jailers frequently searched the cells, taking books and other personal items from under the beds, ostensibly to keep the stuff from being used as kindling.

"These were just small personal things," the former prisoner remembered, "but they mean a lot when you're locked up."

Visitors are limited to one per week, and the prisoner said he knew of at least one case when jailers returned money and letters to one man's mother every time she tried to send her son something.

"That boy's got no way to get in touch with his mama," he said. The jailers gave no reason for their action. "They don't have to tell you why," he said.

Many times there were as many as 60 people in this 18-man cell, and some waited 10 months for their trials.

One man, hospitalized in December for smoke inhalation during a fire, still hasn't been tried. He is still in a nursing home, unable to stand trial.

The new jail will have four-man cells instead of the "bullpens." The new facility will separate juveniles and other "first offenders" from "hardened criminals." Hopefully by 1974.

Twenty-six of the 70 prisoners in the jail on July 17 signed a five-page letter to County Council listing their grievances.

The letter was sneaked past guards that night and released to WFBC-TV in Greenville.

The inmates asked for:

--medical and dental services.

better water and toilet facilities.

--an end to "unneccessary harrassment" by guards.

--permission to have combs, mirrors and shaving gear in the cells.

--hot meals on Sunday nights.

--allow parents to leave more than $2 at a time.

--inspect incoming mail for contraband but don't read it.

--don't censor outgoing mail.

The prisoners also asked to talk with local news media, but Council chairman Vaughn said such a meeting wouldn't help anything.

"All they want is publicity," he said. "And they're already getting too much."

Letters

Aycock replies

Dear Sir:

Your July 25 issue has come to our attention, and we feel constrained to explain action of our Executive Committee on June 21 in reference to a partial lifting of the two-year ban on sport fishing in portions of the Savannah River due to dangerously high levels of mercury in 1970. We regret that our news office gave out a report which was confusing and incorrectly interpreted by your reporter on page 2, "News items".

The following excerpt is quoted from the June 21 minutes of the Executive Committee meeting:

"Dr. Aycock...reported that there have been many requests that the Savannah River be reopened for sport fishing. He recalled that two years ago, in August 1970, the Executive Committee closed portions of the Savannah River, from Augusta, Georgia, to the outfall into the Atlantic, to fishing on account of dangerously high levels of mercury in the river, and consequently in the fish of the river. Repeated studies have been done, and now only two species of fish -- the wide-mouth bass and the mud-fish -- show excessive levels of mercury."

It was moved and seconded "that the Executive Committee of the State Board of Health, recognizing the decrease in the level of mercury in the Savannah River, reopen the Savannah River to sport fishing, with the exception that the taking of bass and mudfish still continues a health hazard. The level of mercury in these two large predatory species continues above the 0.5 ppm guideline set by the federal Food and Drug Administration, and they are therefore considered to be hazardous to human health."

"There were some questions and answers to the effect that Georgia has lifted its ban, that the Wildlife Resources Commission of South Carolina is prepared to carry out the provisions of this action, and that the lower levels in all fish except the two excluded have been constant for many months at the present time." The motion then passed.

We have been assured by the Wildlife Commission that all fishermen can easily identify the two species excluded from the relaxing of the ban, and we believe our action was reasonable and not subject to criticism or ridicule.

Sincerely,
E. Kenneth Aycock, M. D.
State Health Officer

Withdraw

Dear Sir:

I would like to inform all my supporters and campaign committees that I am no longer seeking to run for the South Carolina House of Representatives in the coming, November election.

Though I remain morally unable to support the Democratic Party in this state, I feel I must withdraw my membership from the Republican Party - which I joined recently in good faith.

When I was in the hospital a couple weeks ago, I had a conversation with Mr. Ken Powell, the State Chairman of the Republican Party, in which I was very frank with him concerning my support of two Democrats, Mr. Alex Sanders and Mr. Thomas Broadwater. He felt that, as a Republican candidate, it would be morally unjust for me to support publically any Democratic candidate. Perhaps Mr. Powell is right; I appreciate, at least, his frankness with me, and thank him. However, now that I am no longer a "declared" candidate for either political party, and refuse to be, I feel free to support any candidate for any office, both local and national, regardless of his or her political party affiliation or membership.

And this is what I believe in.

I close in urging all South Carolinians to register to vote, to vote carefully in this coming, critical election; but most of all, I urge you **not** to vote a ONE LEVER TICKET - either Democrat or Republican.

Neither party in South Carolina deserves one-lever respect from we voters. Both Democratic and Republican parties have deliberately and willfully confused issues and voting processes to the people of South Carolina; both parties have sneered at and belittled statesmanship; and crowned behind-the-scene and under-the-table techniques as politics." I do not believe the people of South Carolina want "politics" anymore. We want government with human dignity. Therefore, we must demand it with our votes this November. Let us quit talking about government "by the people..." and do something about it - We can, you know.

Sincerely,
Eleanor Gay Cothran

Lettuce strike

Continued

the UFWOC secondary boycotts (boycotting businesses which sell non-union lettuce) were illegal and that the union could only engage in primary boycotts (boycotting the purchase of non-union lettuce). In addition, the Arizona state legislature, obviously feeling the pressure from the state's large vegetable industry, passed on May 11 what UFWOC has described as "the Arizona Anti-farmworker Law." The law bans secondary boycotts, places severe restrictions on primary boycotts, disenfranchises large numbers of workers in union elections, and protects growers against strikes. The union is currently attempting to obtain the 103,0[illegible] signatures of registered voters in Arizona needed to recall Governor Jack Williams from office.

Why do the farm workers need a union? South Carolinians do not have to go outside their own state to find answers -- the recent peonage case in Spartanburg involving migrant workers who were held as slave labor by labor contractors should give the state's citizens some idea of the suffering of many migrant farm workers. And recent AP series on migrant labor camps in North and South Carolina has revealed conditions as horrible as anything Arizona and California have to offer.

The statistics have been tossed around a lot: the average migrant farm worker makes $2,700 a year for a family of four, his life expectancy is 21 years shorter than that of the average U. S. citizen. Over 800,000 children under 16 work in the fields to help support their families and comprise one-quarter of the total migrant labor force according to the Senate Subcommittee on Migrant Labor. Thousands of workers are poisoned by insecticides without any hope of disability relief. The agricultural industry has the highest occupational disease rate of any in the country, 50 per cent higher than the next most dangerous industry.

Valid reasons exist for the support of the boycott, despite the poo-pooing of the S. C. Farm Bureau and the disdain of the state's vegetable producers. A partial list of boycott supporters embraces just about every sector of American life, from black radical Angela Davis to Apollo astronaut Captain Edgar Mitchell. Announced supporters include the South Carolina Labor Council, Board of Missions of the United Methodist Church, the United Auto Workers, the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the National Council of Churches of Christ, dozens of U. S. congressional members, Coretta Scott King, Frank Licht, Governor of Rhode Island, Mayor John Lindsay of New York --- the list goes on and on.

In South Carolina, the boycott is being organized by the Carolina Boycott Coalition. Coalition organizer John Delgado told Osceola that most South Carolina stores and markets wrap their iceburg lettuce in plain wrappers, making it difficult to determine if the lettuce is union grown. (About 15 percent of California and Arizona head lettuce is picked under union contract.)

If the lettuce wrapper does not bear the black eagle insignia of the United Farm Workers, Delgado said, consumers interested in supporting the boycott should ask the store management to show them the crates the lettuce came packed in. "If the black eagle isn't on the crate, it's not union lettuce."

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Bicycle guru, Joe Azar, has gone "to the mountain" (the guru's quote) - to London to study bicycle frame construction with the Whitcomb Lightweight Cycles Co. He'll be back in Columbia around the 1st of Sept. with big plans for races & tours. In his absence he requests you take your service problems to DOUG FLOYD, BMW YAMAHAW SHOP, MEETING ST., WEST COLUMBIA.
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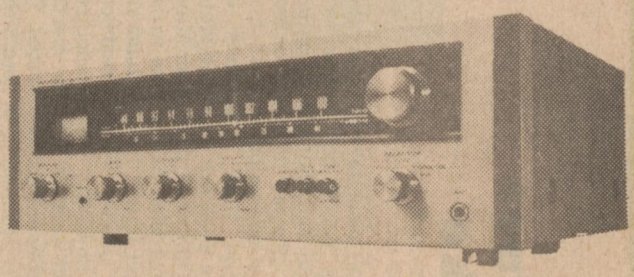

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